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# NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CLXXIX.

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APRIL, 1858.

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ART. I.— *The History of Normandy and of England.* By SIR FRANCIS PALGRAVE, K. H., the Deputy Keeper of her Majesty's Public Records. London: John W. Parker. 1851, 1857. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 756, 916.

IN the strangely compounded mixture which we so complacently call the Anglo-Saxon race, the Norman element has exerted an influence strikingly disproportionate to its relative amount. A few thousand Danskermen settled in the Danelagh, and a similar contingent in the motley crowd of adventurers who embarked at St. Valery with William the Manzer, or who subsequently flocked to the court of the victorious princes of the house of Rollo, have sufficed to infuse into the strong but sluggish original stock that active, adventurous energy which is rendering it the dominant race of the world. To the stubborn tenacity of the bulldog was then added the spring of the tiger, and it is the union of these two characteristics which has planted the flag of St. George from the Falkland Isles to Hudson's Bay, and from Demerara to Shanghai. Learned ethnologists may measure countless crania, and decide upon the unity or diversity of races by comparing facial angles and occipital or parietal bones; the half-crazed Knox may declare that the Danish and Saxon elements have coexisted without commingling for a thousand years, and that the one is still a master, the other a serf; — in

the excess of their anatomical knowledge they have forgotten that man has a moral as well as an animal existence, and have lost sight of the immense influence for good or evil which the virtues or vices of a strong dominant class will exercise upon the character of the inferior mass, unless that is reduced to the condition of utter Helotism. Clive at Plassey and the Rajah Brooke at Sarawak are the modern repetitions of William the Bastard at Hastings, though not a drop of the Northern pirate's blood may course through their veins; while the steadfast courage of which Napoleon complained that it never knew when it was beaten, is the contribution of the original stock, which has added stability and usefulness to the more brilliant qualities of the victors, and at length has enabled the subject race to master its masters.

In a literature rich and copious beyond that of any other nation, we should naturally expect to find detailed and glowing narratives, learned dissertations, and ample collections of original documents relative to the early annals of Normandy, in themselves so picturesque and so intimately related to the history of the parent country. Such expectations, however just, would be doomed to disappointment. England may almost be said to have no historical literature; or, at all events, what little she has looks beyond her own borders for the exercise of its powers. Perhaps it may be owing to the excessive importance attached to classical studies in the curriculum of an English education, that her only two popular historians whose works can rank with those of the French school — Gibbon and Grote — have sought the sources of their inspiration in antiquity; but be this as it may, we are yet in want of a History of England. Such a work, founded on original authorities, free from partisan or sectarian bias, broad in its views, minute in its details, and tracing the history of the people conjointly with that of the court, would fill a gap which has thus far remained open, and would drive into oblivion those one-sided and untrustworthy compilations which, under the names of Hume and Lingard, are a standing disgrace to the English name. No nation in Europe has a more stirring or a more creditable history, and none has so utterly neglected it. While the learned energy of France

and Germany for the last two hundred years, assisted where necessary by the judicious liberality of governments, has published vast libraries of historical collections, illuminating every accessible spot not only in their own annals, but also in those of all nations with which they have had relations, what has England done? The Englishman's love of land and reverence for its owners have led him to cultivate with energy and success the single department of topographical archæology, the scandals of the pimps and parasites who composed the Georgian courts have been industriously raked together in all their foulness, and the important political and ecclesiastical questions connected with the Reformation in England, the Great Rebellion, and the Revolution of 1688, have caused these periods to be tolerably well worked over; but beyond these, and with the exception of Rymer's *Fœdera*, the comparison is humiliating, and the Englishman who seeks to understand the early history of his country is forced for the most part to have recourse to the documents and chronicles issued and edited on the Continent. In the work which we now propose to consider, there is scarcely a reference to a book published within the four seas.

We have hopes, however, that this stagnation is at last disappearing. The private enterprise of a bookseller has recently placed within the reach of students a series of translations of the early muniments of English history; an occasional isolated publication, more curious generally than useful, betokens an awakening interest; the Camden Society did some little service; and a Calendar of State Papers (in procuring the publication of which we believe our author, Sir Francis Palgrave, bore a prominent part) will throw much light on the transactions of the last three centuries. Other movements of like character are perceptible, and perhaps hereafter England may be able to point to a succession of illustrious names to rival those of Duchesne, Ducange, D'Achèry, Baluze, Bouquet, Mabillon, Lelong, and a score of others in France; of Freher, Struve, Pertz, and others in Germany; Muratori in Italy; Langebec and Suhm in Denmark; and the long line of laborious scholars whose well-directed energies have smoothed the path and earned the gratitude of succeeding students.

When that time shall come, the name of Palgrave will not be forgotten. A life spent among the archives of his country, and in collecting whatever of collateral information could elucidate those archives, has given him a familiarity with the *origines* of European history such as no English writer has yet surpassed. His "Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth" we have not seen, but we learn on good authority that no work in the language is so necessary to the student who would obtain a clear insight into British laws and history; while four folio volumes of "Parliamentary Writs," two octavos of Records of the King's Court during the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion, three octavos of Calendars of the Exchequer, and numerous minor publications, all illustrated by the profound and curious learning of the editor, bear ample witness to his industry, and pronounce him a worthy disciple of the great Continental scholars.

The "History of Normandy and of England" was originally intended as a continuation of the author's "History of the Anglo-Saxons"; but, seduced by the richness and freshness of his material, Sir Francis has been tempted to extend his plan so as to embrace the annals of the Norman duchy prior to the Conquest, and the seduction, once yielded to, has led him back to Charlemagne. The first volume may thus be considered as purely introductory, as it brings the history down only to the memorable treaty of St. Clair sur Epte, by virtue of which Rollo and his pirates were established in Neustria. The second volume reaches only to the end of the tenth century, breaking off with the accession of the Capets and the death of Richard sans Peur, leaving seventy stirring years still to be narrated before reaching the point at which the author first intended to commence. However much we may regret the curtailment which may thus be caused in the subsequent extent of the work, we cannot but feel grateful for the picture presented of the Carlovingian era. Unrestricted by the narrow limits of his title, Sir Francis has surveyed the whole groundwork of European history, and from Calabria to Friesland, from the Ebro to the Vistula, the entire continent passes in review, England being the portion of which we see and hear least. The epoch is one of the most important in

human annals; for then were laid the foundations of modern civilization, and scarcely an event of that period but has had its influence, direct or indirect, upon our own. To the English student, a guide through the labyrinthine details of the ninth and tenth centuries was wanting, and he cannot expect a better one than is here afforded. The period under consideration presents three great groups of events;—the rise of the House of Capet upon the downfall of that of Charles Martel; the founding of the Germanic Empire, as distinguished from that of Charlemagne; and the incursions and final settlement of the Northmen. Each of these great series of events is treated in detail, with its causes and its consequences, and the mutual reaction which they so prominently exercised. Profoundly versed in the details of his subject, our author never wearies us with unnecessary minutiae. The story develops itself in a series of vivid pictures, in which we seem to see the actors of a thousand years ago. That he has thought deeply as well as studied, the highly suggestive reflections which accompany the narrative abundantly prove; while every page shows evidences of an immense range of knowledge in illustrations derived from the most widely varied sources. We cannot but regret, however, that the thorough acquaintance, incidentally displayed everywhere, with the customs, the jurisprudence, and the civil and social state of the people, should not have developed itself more fully and regularly into a few chapters specially devoted to the numerous *quæstiones vexatæ* which no one is more capable of solving.

Charlemagne weeping at the sight of the piratical vessels whose black sails enabled them to bid defiance to his unconquered and unconquerable military power, is an image familiar to all readers, and one whose poetical justice renders fastidious too close an examination into its reality. We know that he keenly felt the insult when Godfrey, king of Jutland, in 810, ravaged the coasts of Friesland, and that he was preparing a terrible vengeance when the knife of the assassin released him from an enemy as dangerous as Witi-kind the Saxon had proved. The lesson was not lost, however, and the Emperor, recognizing the weak points in the organization of his frontier, proceeded to create a naval force

that should thenceforward protect the estuaries and coasts. His precautions, or the dread of his power, answered the purpose, and for some years we hear but little of the Danish barks. But with Charlemagne passed away the prestige, and the defences soon followed. Under Louis le Débonnaire a few sporadic forays were easily turned back, until the miserable dissensions between that monarch and his rebellious sons offered too tempting an opportunity for the keen-eyed Danskermen to decline. Year by year their visits became more frequent, their numbers larger, and their courage fiercer, while the fatal legacy of discord, handed down from father to son in the Carlovingian family with all the regularity of heirship, rendered the empire less and less able to offer effectual resistance. While the sons of Louis le Débonnaire were marching to the fatal field of Fontenay, where, according to tradition, a hundred thousand of the bravest soldiers of Europe fell in ignoble mutual strife, Osker and his fellow-pirates were urging their daring barks up the Seine, and took possession of Rouen. No resistance was offered; the city's defenders were busy in cutting one another's throats in far-off Burgundy; and the rich and smiling town was given up to the Northman's indiscriminate rage for blood and plunder. Rouen thus burned and ravaged can scarcely be said to have again passed out of the Dane's possession, while the surrounding province became thenceforth a centre of operations, to which the roving sea-kings resorted without fear of attack. Four years afterwards, in 845, the redoubtable Regner Lodbrok pushed his incursions farther, and boldly advanced to Paris. Resistance there was none, and the city, not as yet the capital of a kingdom, was occupied and pillaged. The unhappy Charles le Chauve, rendered powerless by his rebellious nobles, was reduced to purchasing the departure of the pirates, and seven thousand pounds of silver, the first Dane-geld, was the price of their retreat and the incentive to a renewal of the havoc.

“Regner returned joyfully to Denmark; he repaired to Eric the Red, boasting of his exploits and their profit,—how he and his Danes had rendered the Rœmerige tributary; the money he had received, the booty he had carried away. His bravery of speech affronted the

Over-king, who openly told the grim Sea-rover he did not believe him. Regner came again before his scoffing sovereign, followed by gangs of his crew, some carrying the big crowbar of the Paris gate, the others laden with a carved larchen beam, plucked from the roof of St. Germain-des-près. These trophies, laid before King Eric's throne, were the silent but irrecusable testimonies of Regner's victory." — Vol. I. pp. 439, 440.

With such guerdons held out, what wonder that the fierce Northmen swarmed around the coasts, passed up the rivers, stormed cities, and devastated the country more furiously than ever? The Elbe, the Rhine, the Scheldt, the Somme, the Seine, the Loire, the Garonne, and the Rhone, in turn or simultaneously saw the torch and the sword of the Dane ply their dreadful trade. By sea and land their boldness grew, and while their frail barks carried them to the coasts of Italy, their increasing numbers enabled them to leave their vessels and traverse the country to its interior, as their oft-repeated attacks gradually left nothing to be gleaned in the neighborhood of the water. Scarce a district of France, even the most remote, escaped; the whole valley of the Rhine, to the Swiss mountains, and a large portion of Spain, shared the same fate, and the despairing inhabitants, finding no refuge upon earth, turned to their last resource and poured forth the almost hopeless supplication, *A furore Normannorum libera nos*. Few and simple as are the words, they are terrible in their signification, chanted as they were in the daily litany of a whole nation.

They were indeed no despicable enemies, those bold Vikings: audacious in their military plans, skilful in their execution, dauntless in battle, terrible in pursuit, dangerous in retreat, they combined all the qualities requisite to constitute a conquering race. Where the sword failed, they knew as well as Lysander how to eke out the lion's skin with the fox's tail, and the astuteness, often degenerating into cunning, which they everywhere exhibited, rendered them on every point an overmatch for the unhappy Franks, and enhanced the panic fear with which their advent was regarded. This characteristic they communicated to the population among which they settled, and to our own day the proverbial "*rusé Normand*," "*à Normand, Normand et demi*," bear testimony to the craft of the wild freebooters.



Omitting more than half a century of unceasing devastation, which almost resolved society into its original elements, we content ourselves with a brief reference to many incidents, interesting episodes to the main history. Passing over the battle of Brise-Sarthe, where the first of the Capets, Robert le Fort, met his untimely end; the four years' siege of Paris, where his gallant son Eudes may be said to have won the crown which he knew so well how to defend; the battles of Montfaugon and of Montpensier, where Eudes turned the tide which met so few interruptions; Godfrey the Dane's acquisition of Friesland, his marriage with the royal Gisella, and his treacherous murder; — we come to the founding of the Norman duchy. For nearly thirty years Rou or Rollo had been foremost among the daring pirates in the Gauls; he was growing old and tired of his restless life; the Frankish nobles, with Robert, Duke of France, grandfather of Hugh Capet, at their head, were equally weary of the ceaseless war which brought little profit and less honor; Northern France, or Neustria, was well-nigh in the undisputed possession of the Pagan Danes; for seventy years no mass had been sung in the cathedral of Coutances; little would be lost by giving it nominally as well as really up to them; and if by the cession Rollo and his marauders could be converted from active enemies into allies and subjects, it would be almost a clear gain. So reasoned Robert and the nobles, and Charles the Simple, who then filled the throne of Clovis, though worthy of a better reputation than has been generally accorded to him, was little more than a puppet in their hands, and was forced to yield his assent. The boundaries of Normandy were not sufficient for Rollo's cupidity; Flanders was offered and rejected, then Brittany was proposed and accepted, — a good riddance, for when not occupied by the Danes, Brittany was rather a hostile neighbor than an integral province of the realm. The territorial question being settled, Rollo condescended to accept the hand of tender Gisella, king Charles's young daughter, and was baptized into the Christian faith, with Duke Robert for his sponsor.

This transaction was vastly more important in its results than appeared at the moment. A similar policy had fre-

quently been followed before, without leading to any permanent occupation. Three quarters of a century earlier, Louis le Débonnaire had set the example by cessions made in the Rhine country to Harold, king of Jutland, on the baptism of the latter. The Emperor Lothair had relieved himself of difficulties in a similar manner in 850, by bestowing part of Friesland on Roric, Harold's nephew; and his Danish godson Godfrey, son of Harold, had in 853 received a grant of territory on the Seine from Charles le Chauve.\* In 882 another Godfrey was bought off by Charles le Gros by the cession of the territory from the Weser to the Meuse, and the hand of another Gisella, King Lothair's daughter. His murder in 855 by Counts Everard and Henry we have already alluded to,—a state necessity not thought worthy of much penance, as Willibert, Archbishop of Cologne, took a leading part in the transaction, but for which Count Henry paid the penalty, being killed within the year at the siege of Paris. The redoubtable Hastings had also received the important inland county of Chartres from Charles le Chauve, and his successor Gerlo, the founder of the proud races of Blois and Chartres, is likewise considered by some authorities to have been a Dane.†

These precedents, however, were not followed by the vigorous Rollo. His talents as an administrator proved not less eminent than his military qualities, and while gratifying his wild followers with an occasional foray and a sporadic en-

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\* Our author places this event in 850, during an expedition of Godfrey into the Seine, apparently following the chronicle of Hermannus Contractus, a writer of the eleventh century. Prudentius, Bishop of Troyes, who died in 861, is the best authority we have for this period, and he relates the event in 853, when Charles and Lothair united to attack Godfrey, then ravaging the valley of the Scheldt. The attempt was unsuccessful, and Charles bought the uncertain allegiance of Godfrey. The result was apparently unsatisfactory to the Dane, for in 855 we find him returning to Jutland with his cousin Roric, in hopes of obtaining the throne, failing in which he retraced his steps and conquered Friesland. Godfrey's name occurs frequently in the stormy annals of Charles le Chauve, sometimes as acting with him, and sometimes in rebellion.

† This is the generally received opinion, and Palgrave has followed it. Richerius, however, an author of the next century, whose assertion for this period must be allowed to have some weight, gives an entirely different account of the founding of the family of Chartres.

largement of his boundaries, he set himself vigorously to work in improving the territory which now belonged to him. In this he was completely successful. Such of the inhabitants as had withstood the tempest of Danish desolation were allowed to remain, and gradually the two races coalesced. The laws of the country seem to have been adopted by the conquerors, and were sternly and impartially enforced. The "hue (*haw*) and cry" is said to be derived from "Ha Rou!" — the interpellation to that ducal judge which never was in vain; and the security of property is shown by the tradition of the law which forbade the husbandman to remove his implements from the field. The Dane seems to have taken little part in the general politics of France, but he remained true to the oath of allegiance which he had sworn at St. Clair sur Epte; when the nobles, with Robert at their head, renounced King Charles and elected Robert in his place, Rollo was one of the few who remained steadfast; and in 923 a Norman contingent did ample duty at King Charles's side in the battle of Soissons, where the newly crowned usurper lost his throne and life. When, shortly afterwards, Charles was foully betrayed and cast into prison, where he languished for six years till released by death, Rollo recommenced the attack; Regnald, another Viking who was laying waste the Loire country, advanced to his assistance; and a desperate war ensued for several years, objectless, and without result except as regarded plunder. Peace was finally obtained with Rollo by a heavy Danegeld and another cession of territory; while Regnald pursued his devastating career through Burgundy, sweeping back to the Loire. Not long afterward he made a descent upon England, which from that time claimed the greater share of Danish attention; and we hear little more of fresh invasions of France, except when the naturalized Normans, hard-pressed, called for aid from the parent country, — a demand which was never refused.

Meanwhile, Rollo the pirate was growing old. His royal bride Gisella had borne him no successor, but his ducal throne was not for that reason likely to want an heir. More than twenty years before his marriage, in 890, at the capture of Bayeux, his share of the plunder had included a blooming

damsel, Popa, daughter of Count Berenger, and sister of the stout Bernard, Count of Senlis. Captivated with her beauty, he was united to her, *more Danico*, and the result of the union was a daughter Gerloc and a son William, known in history by the surname of Longsword. No priest had blessed the bridal bed, but he would have been a daring man who had stood up in the ducal *placitum* and objected to William's heirship on the ground of illegitimacy. To him did Rollo confide the cares of government about the year 926, and, seeking retirement, died peacefully some years later.

William Longsword is one of the conventional heroes of Norman history. Tall, handsome, brave, affable, victorious both in bower and in field, skilled in military affairs, and versed in the learning of the schools, he was truly an accomplished knight. The grim old Berserker, his father, knew the value of education, having enjoyed none, and careful training became a tradition in the family. But William's good qualities were mostly on the outside,—the varnish whose brilliant gloss attracts the multitude. Bold in front of the enemy, he lacked the steadfastness that could look evil fortune in the face. He was good-humored, but selfish; punctilious, but faithless; courteous, but sensual;—a very whited sepulchre, fair-seeming, but false. His reign was inaugurated by a desperate and dangerous revolt of the Britons, whom he completely subdued. This was speedily followed by a more dangerous insurrection. William's education had rendered him a Frenchman, and his policy was to Romanize his subjects. The influence of Gallic civilization was rapidly pervading the *terra Normannorum*; but many of the intruding race resisted its blandishments, and looked with ill-concealed hostility at the progress which it was making under the fostering care of the new ruler. The state was divided into two parties; discontent rapidly ripened into rebellion, and the old Danish party suddenly rose in arms under the banner of Count Riulph. William was seized with panic terror. Secure within the walls of Rouen, he awaited the approach of the insurgent army, eagerly offering terms which only extreme fear could have dictated, but which were haughtily rejected by the rebels, whose demands increased as they approached the capital, and

whom, when fairly encamped before the walls, the immediate abdication of the obnoxious chief alone could satisfy. Driven to despair, William sallied forth, but his heart failed him, and he proclaimed his intention of taking refuge in France. The stinging reproaches of his adherents at last aroused his courage, and, leading his men to the attack, he utterly routed the insurgents. Riulph was captured, and with the cruelty of cowardice was put to a shameful death, leaving to his heirs a dark legacy of vengeance, which was carefully nursed and bitterly exacted. This contest decided the social condition of the province; the retrograde party was for a time destroyed, and William's Romanizing tendencies had full sway.

Not until the Capets were firmly established on the throne was Normandy regarded as an integral portion of the Gallic confederation, or were the Normans recognized as compatriots. At this period, loathed, dreaded, and despised, the remembrance of their origin and their devastations were too recent, and the Franks still consoled themselves by affixing to them the stigma of pirates. And yet the influence of the new race was daily extending, and year by year their duke took a more prominent part in the concerns of the commonwealth. In 934 young William Tête d'Étoupe, the puissant Duke of Aquitaine, an independent sovereign in all but name, solicited the hand of the fair Gerloc, Longsword's sister, which, after some hesitation, was graciously accorded.

Two years later another occasion presented itself of manifesting the importance of the Norman duke among the Frankish nobles. When in 923 the unhappy Charles the Simple was treacherously seized by Herbert of Vermandois, his faithful consort Ogiva managed to escape to the court of her brother Athelstan, king of England, taking with her, concealed in a truss of hay, her son Louis, barely three years old, known afterwards in history by the name of D'Outremer. Hugh the Great, Duke of France, son of the usurper Robert, held the kingdom in his hands, and, with a moderation which has baffled inquiry, bestowed the crown upon his brother-in-law Rodolph, Duke of Burgundy. A stormy reign had Rodolph, between Danskermen, Huns, and unquiet nobles; but

he too at length was gathered to his fathers, and in 936 the barons were again convened to fill the throne which they had deprived of all support. Again Duke Hugh had his grasp upon the crown, and again he selected another brow to wear it. Two thirds of the kingdom urged his acceptance of the regal dignity; but, preferring to reign in the name of another, he caused the stripling Louis to be brought from beyond the sea, and the nobles took the oath of fidelity which they never meant to keep. In these transactions William Longsword bore the part to which his station entitled him, and his influence was openly thrown into the scale of the descendant of Charlemagne. Ere the second year closed, however, we find him joining a powerful league against the vigorous young monarch; then again deserting his allies. The very wantonness of faithlessness seemed to possess him, and without appreciable cause we see his name figuring first on one side and then on the other, amid the confused and endless quarrels of that dismal time. All parties had become thoroughly disgusted with him, and dark hints were given from one chieftain to another that the pirate's son was in the way and must be removed. He himself grew tired of his aimless and friendless life, and a wild longing for conventual repose seized the boisterous gallant and warrior; but the sagacity of Abbot Martin of Jumièges refused the dangerous neophyte, and he returned to his weary task. Suddenly he resolved to govern through the Danish party. Harold Blaatand, Over-king of Denmark, driven from his throne by rebellion, was permitted to settle in the Côtentin, and William planned an education for his young son Richard, that should render him a thorough Danskerman. But the doomsman was awaiting his victim. A burst of outrageous insolence at an interview between Otho the Great and Louis sealed his fate, and nothing was left but to plan the treachery by which he should be safely removed. Two congenial spirits, Arnoul the Trickster, Count of Flanders, and Thibaut the Trickster, Count of Chartres, his deadly enemies, speedily wove the web of treason. A meeting on the islet of Picquigny, a pretended reconciliation, an affectionate leave-taking, a hurried calling back for a forgotten word,—a sword flashes from beneath a cloak, and

before the eyes of his followers beyond the water, William Longsword lies a dishonored corse in the trampled mud. Balzo, nephew of the murdered Riulph, claims the well-earned revenge; but others give the honor of the deed to the Trickster of Chartres, who, spurring from the fatal spot ere the blood upon his sword is fairly dry, wins the hand of his victim's widow, proud Liutgarda, daughter of Herbert of Vermandois.

Soon after his accession, William had united himself by a Danish marriage to the fair and gentle Espriota. Himself a Christian, he had resolutely persisted in employing the Pagan rites at his bridal, urging that aught else would cast a slur upon his own mother and his own birth;—

“Ieele ama moult e tint chere;  
Mais à la Danesche manere  
La voult avoir, non autrement  
Ce dist l'estorie, qui ne ment.”

In 933, at the hour of his sorest need, in Count Riulph's rebellion, she bore him a noble boy, known afterwards as Richard the Fearless. Seduced by the intense desire which then possessed him of winning a social equality with the Frankish nobles, ere the boy was well in his second year, the faithless father and husband had married Liutgarda of Vermandois. No divorce was thought necessary to vacate the place for the new bride, while William's sin was probably darkened by the continuance of his relations with the still beloved Espriota.

Not six months before his death, as though presaging the end, William had caused the young Richard, not yet ten years old, to be accepted as his successor, and had appointed as regents and guardians Botho, Oslac, and wise Bernard the Dane, one of the last relics of Rollo's men. No thought of insubordination seems to have followed the catastrophe, and Richard's splendid inauguration followed close upon his father's obsequies. Still there were two mutually exasperated parties within the duchy, and, without, the Franks were eager to seize the opportunity and drive the detested Danes to their native wilds. What mattered oaths and treaties? What faith was to be kept with the faithless pirates? Duke Hugh and King Louis forgot their perennial bickerings, and for

once were united. The Pagan party, under Thormod and King Sithric, obtained possession of young Richard, and procured his apostasy from the Christian religion; but Hugh invaded the Evreçin, and Louis, advancing with a handful of troops, boldly attacked the Pagan forces. Thormod killed, and Sithric forced to flee, the conqueror entered Rouen. He obtained possession of the young Duke's person, but, the populace rising in insurrection, Louis in a panic granted the investiture of the Regnum Northmannicum to the boy, and received him to homage. Then, making with the child a progress through the duchy, he persuaded the regents to allow him to carry their young Duke to his court at Laôn, where alone he could receive the breeding befitting his station.

“ Mais une chose vous requier,  
 Que Richart m'en laissez mener  
 Por estre od mei tant et ester,  
 Qu'il ait coneu et apris  
 Ce qu'est honeur al siecle et pris.

Aura engin et connoissance  
 Mil tanz en mes palaiz en France,  
 Qu'il n'en aureit en Normandie.”

Singular as it may seem, the request was granted, the boy carried to Laôn; and Louis, feeling that Normandy was within his grasp, began to treat it as part of his own dominions, — a part much larger and more powerful than all the other territories which remained under the immediate sovereignty of the heir of Charlemagne. Meanwhile, the residence of Richard at Laôn rapidly degenerated into captivity; wardens were placed over him to answer for his presence with their heads; and prayers for his deliverance rose in all the churches of the Norman's land. A scheme was laid for his escape, and the noble boy, with resolution beyond his years, deprived himself of food and sleep, until his hollow cheeks and failing limbs became convincing proofs that in a few days the line of Rollo would be extinct. Rapidly he declined, and when seemingly at his last gasp, a splendid feast drew off the attention of the court and of the prisoner's guardians. His affectionate tutor, Osmond de Cent-Villes, seized the opportunity,



and the same expedient which twenty-one years before had saved the infant Louis now defeated his plans. In a truss of forage the young Duke was carried to the stables, and, ere dawn, was safe in the tower of Couci, under the protection of his great-uncle, stout Bernard de Senlis. Swiftly rode Bernard from Senlis to Paris, and warily broke the tidings to Duke Hugh, who graciously promised his protection, and denounced the remorseless ambition of the treacherous king. Richard was accordingly openly carried to Senlis, amid ostentatious preparations of defence. Meanwhile, at Laôn all was confusion and blank dismay when the yet warm nest was found from which the bird had flown. Short time was given to unavailing regrets, however, and Louis hastened to open negotiations with the wily Duke of France. A demand for the surrender of Richard was met with contemptuous defiance, and then the king proceeded to buy the guardian whom he could not frighten. He bid high, — all Normandy beyond the Seine, the larger and richer share, should be his if he would join in despoiling the helpless boy, — and the protector's indignation at the perfidy was easily forgotten. Both marshalled their forces; Hugh laid siege to Bayeux and forced a capitulation, while Louis, with Arnoul of Flanders, laid waste the country, and, after defeating the Normans at Arques, entered Rouen as a conqueror. Cunning old Bernard the Dane, revolving dark plots to meet treachery with treachery, resolutely enforced submission to the usurper, and the malecontents gave way on every side. Louis, flushed with triumph, and deeming himself on the point of accomplishing his dream of the restoration of his ancestral power, was easily persuaded by his perfidious Norman counsellors that he had committed a fatal error in admitting the overgrown power of Hugh to a partnership in the spoils, and he haughtily bade him withdraw. Growling curses at the cunning of the Dane and the short-sighted policy of Louis, Hugh abandoned his hard-won city of Bayeux, and with folded arms awaited the result. Bernard's point was gained, the unholy alliance was dissolved, and the tortuous plot began to unwind itself. Suddenly on the western marches appeared the commencement of revolt. Stout Harold Blaaland re-

quited the hospitality of William Longsword by rising in arms, and round his standard flocked the Danes *pur-sang*, eager to throw off the yoke of the detested Frank. Louis assembled his troops, and marched to nip the rebellion in the bud. What followed is diversely related by different authorities. Our author gives us a spirited battle-piece, in the marshes of Corbon, with Louis flying wildly, twice captured, then lying *perdu*, but finally incarcerated in a Rouen dungeon. The French chroniclers represent an interview, like the fatal one of Picquigny, distrust on one side, but overmastering treachery on the other. The result is the same, — Louis, like his father, Charles the Simple, a prisoner in the hands of his deadliest enemies. And now Duke Hugh, seeing his time, came forward as the protector of young Richard. Never should Louis be released until he had renounced all claim upon Normandy, and given his two sons as hostages for their father's faith. Much negotiation ensued, the end of which was that the royal infant Carloman was given up, with several influential nobles, and Louis, fancying himself once more a freeman, found that he had only changed jailers for the worse, Duke Hugh handing him over to the jealous care of Thibaut, the Trickster of Chartres. A year he lay in that stern captivity, and at length, yielding to the demands of his nominal subject, he purchased freedom by his only place of refuge, the tower of Laôn, long the object of Hugh's cupidity. At the same time Normandy was declared independent of the Frankish monarchy, save a nominal homage, and Richard returned in triumph to Rouen, a king in all but name.

Louis's fortunes now seemed desperate. A baffled truce-breaker, stripped of his only strong-hold, with the ill-odor of unsuccessful villany hanging round him, his energy and activity were still unabated. He speedily formed an alliance with his brother-in-law, Otho the Great, while Arnoul of Flanders, dreading revenge for the murder of William Longsword, eagerly mustered his troops to aid the projected enterprise. Otho's assistance was purchased by the surrender of the undefined Carlovingian claims upon Lorraine, and in the summer of 946, at the head of an immense army, appeared

three kings, Otho of Germany, Conrad of Burgundy and Arles, and Louis, nominal monarch of the Franks, with Arnoul leading a powerful contingent, — the whole arrayed, as the chroniclers inform us, in straw hats. Meanwhile, the threatening preparations had drawn closer the alliance between France and Normandy. Hugh had betrothed his young daughter Emma to Richard, and, expatiating on the isolation of the latter, at a time when the rising spirit of feudalism ranged every potentate in his appropriate place in the social hierarchy, had persuaded him to perform “commendation” to the duchy of France, thus giving rise to the suzerainty exercised over Normandy by the Capetian monarchs.

The tide of war rolled on. An unsuccessful demonstration on rocky Laôn was compensated by the capture of Rheims, and, spreading over Hugh's dominions, Louis had the satisfaction of giving his enemy's domains to rapine and plunder. Hugh prudently ensconced himself in Orleans. After a fruitless attack on Paris, the active dread of Arnoul persuaded Otho to resume the main object of the expedition, the destruction of the intruding Northmen, and the army turned north towards Rouen. Ravaging the undefended open country, they reached the Danish city, anticipating no resistance. Glorious in the Norman annals is the siege of Rouen, — the successful sorties, the baffled attacks, the quarrels in the besieger's camp, the doubts of Arnoul's sincerity, his sudden retreat before Otho's rising wrath, and the panic flight of the boastful Germans, tracked, hunted, and massacred through the Forest of Lions by the avenging Danes. Through all these scenes of battle, the foremost figure is ever the young Duke Richard, whose deeds of knightly prowess, duly extolled by courtly chroniclers, are fully set forth by our author, seemingly unmindful that by the calendar the young hero could have scarcely more than entered upon his teens.

*Odisse quem læseris*, — the hatred of the wrong-doer is lasting, especially when stimulated by a wholesome fear of retribution. The actors in the wars of Richard's accession pass away one by one; but the antipathy of races remains, and private hatreds are transmitted as a legacy from father to son. Fourteen years of comparative peace ensue for Normandy,

during which Richard's power is consolidated, his administrative talents developed, and his duchy rapidly and quietly increases in influence. Meanwhile Louis d'Outremer is the first to disappear, in 954, worn out at the early age of thirty-one. Then dies Hugh the Great, broken down by ill-success and disease at the siege of Poitiers. The new generation occupy the same positions, and prolong the inherited quarrels. King Lothair, on his accession, could extort no homage from Richard, who, however, paid it to Hugh Capet, heir of the duchy of France and of his father's plans for subverting the Carlovingian dynasty; and not long afterwards, yielding to repeated solicitations, the Norman carries out the long-existing marriage-promise with the blooming Emma, sister of the Capet.

Of the old confederates who had sworn the Norman's ruin there yet remained Thibaut of Chartres. With the bloody shore of Picquigny fresh in his memory, he perhaps needed no stimulus to renew the conflict; but if he had, his wife would have supplied it. Proud Liutgarda, William Longsword's widow, could hardly have regarded Richard the Fearless without more than the stepmother's proverbial hate. Childless herself by her first husband, she saw his throne filled by one whom the Franks openly stigmatized as his bastard; nor, if her own marriage was valid, was the stigma misapplied. The embers of discord were smouldering everywhere, and the Chartres couple readily fanned them into a blaze. That Richard must be made away with speedily, became an axiom of state policy, and Bruno, Archbishop of Cologne, Duke of Lorraine, and Otho the Great's favorite brother, undertook to lead the wild beast into the snare. A friendly conference at Amiens, to reconcile the king and the duke, was proposed. Heedlessly Richard accepted the invitation, and gayly journeyed towards his doom. Suddenly his progress was arrested in the forests of the Beauvoisin.

"It was the sudden apparition of two Knights starting through the thicket, hot and fagged and dusty, so muffled in their mantles that their faces could not be discerned. . . . Noble Duke, said they, what choose ye to be your lot? Ruler among your own people, or a banished man? Shepherd, swineherd, or worse?

"Richard was astounded. Richard-sans-Peur felt fear now; and when, in after times, the Knights told their own story, they related how Richard's color rose, not from anger, but from real and actual alarm and confusion. Silent awhile, he broke that silence:—Whose Lieges were they? What matters it, replied they, if faithful to thee? No more questions did Richard ask. His guerdons bespoke his gratitude for the warning, and also his comprehension of the snare. Richard's own golden-hilted sword did the one Knight receive. Four pounds in weight did that hilt weigh. The companion was honored with Richard's golden bracelet,—the ensign of his ducal dignity, equi-ponderous with the splendid sword-hilt, and also fashioned of the purest gold. The Monitors vanished, Richard rejoined his Nobles and Cortege,—Gautier-le-Veneur no doubt amongst them,—and related the strange encounter which had befallen him. Some slight debate seems to have ensued; but they were ultimately unanimous in accepting the counsel conveyed by the enigma. Forward would be folly; and forthwith must Richard return to Rouen."—Vol. II. pp. 725–727.

Again was the lure displayed to entice the wary falcon. Richard owed homage to Lothair; the debt had not yet been paid, and now the neglect must be repaired. Richard demurred; the transactions of 945 had released him, and his oaths were due only to the Duke of France. A conference was suggested; hopes of an entire pacification were thrown out, and towards the banks of the Eaulne hastened Richard, with a picked troop of Norman and Briton chivalry, while from the east swept Lothair, accompanied by Baldwin of Flanders, Thibaut of Chartres, Geoffrey Grisgonnelle of Anjou, and a force computed by the Norman chroniclers to amount to ten thousand fighting men. Their hope was to surprise Richard the Fearless, and in this they had nearly succeeded; but scouts had been thrown out, and when the shock came, the Norman knights were ready. Desperately the Franks endeavored to force the passage of the stream, and desperately were they resisted, Richard summoning to his assistance the warlike peasantry of the country, whom he had armed in expectation of treachery. As usual, there are two accounts of the skirmish;—one, that Richard, finding his enemies too powerful, withdrew in safety; the other, that the Franks, overcome by Norman valor, fled in wild disorder and with heavy loss. The result is the same,—baffled treachery and increasing hate.

There was no need of further concealment, and early in the following year (962) Lothair held a *placitum*, or national diet, at the royal city of Laôn, where he formally impeached Richard as a felon, and asked the aid of his lieges to reduce the traitor to submission. It was readily granted, and Lothair and Thibaut entered Normandy, and speedily captured Evreux. The gathering forces of Richard compelled their retreat, and the Normans burst in fury over Thibaut's county of Chartres, burning, ravaging, and destroying. Thibaut repaid the insult, and by a skilful and rapid movement reached Rouen, pitching his camp over against the city. Small repose had the beleaguering troops; in the dead of night the Normans crossed the Seine, torch and dagger did their work, and ere dawn the shattered remains of the Chartrain forces were flying wildly southwards. So far, Richard had manfully held his own; but an harassing, desultory war succeeded, in which King Lothair, with Thibaut and Geoffrey of Anjou, kept his borders in continual alarm. Richard felt himself alone. His immediate suzerain, Hugh Capet, remained aloof, and made no attempt to exert his nominal authority over his vassals of Anjou and Chartres. In this isolation, the Norman's thoughts turned to the fatherland, and he appealed for help to brave Harold Blaataud, who seventeen years before, after reinstating him on the throne, had returned to Denmark, and reconquered his ancestral crown. The request was readily granted, and soon a fleet manned by hardy Danskermen ploughed the waters of the Seine, when Richard, warmly greeting the welcome allies, stationed them at Jeu-fosse, a commanding situation, whence their ancestors a hundred years before had repeatedly harried the surrounding country. This new and powerful element soon made itself felt in the war, and the rapidly spreading desolation caused by the fierce Pagans soon brought the Franks as humble suppliants, praying Richard to stay the pestilence thus let loose upon them. The Count of Chartres, pocketing his pride, stole silently to Rouen and begged for peace, abandoning hard-won Evreux, and Richard magnanimously forgave his manifold wrongs. King Lothair and the other nobles had meanwhile opened negotiations through good Bishop Wolfadus,

and, as Richard was found willing to treat, an embassy was sent to Rouen and magnificently received. Richard was embarrassed. His new allies had served his turn, but how was he to rid himself of their dangerous friendship? They spurned all thoughts of abandoning the pillage of the fat cornfields and rich vineyards of France. "Go with us, and we will win all France for ourselves and for thee. Keep aloof, and we shall win all France for ourselves, but not for thee. Choose!" Richard had a delicate task before him, requiring all his astuteness; and well he acquitted himself of it. For sixteen days the camp at Jeu-fosse was a scene of wild confusion, Richard prudently keeping himself out of the way, and treating with the most influential chiefs, into whose pouches Frankish money was lavishly poured. The clamor finally subsided, and the camp divided itself into two sections. The one received baptism and settled as colonists in Normandy; the other, furnished with vessels, tried its adventurous fortunes in Spain, where, after overrunning Galicia, it was eventually exterminated by Gonzalo Sanchez. Shortly afterwards Lothair and Richard held a solemn interview, at which oaths of friendship were exchanged and the *terra Normannorum* assured to the progeny of Rollo for ever. Thus ended the last of the Danish incursions, which for a century and a half had wasted the energies of France, and threatened to destroy the lingering remains of Roman civilization.

We see little more of Richard. For thirty-three years longer he governed his subjects temperately and wisely, and to him may be attributed the peculiar forms of Norman cultivation, and the powerful influence exercised by Normandy upon the conterminous states. In the revolution which placed the Capets on the Carlovingian throne he appears to have taken a leading part, but more by his personal weight and authority in the secret intrigues of the time, than by open acts which appear on the pages of the annalist. As the family historian proudly asserts,

"Par le conseil del gran Barnage  
Et par la force de Richart,  
Par son conseil et son art

Fu Hugon Chapes recéu,  
 Et en France pour Rei tenu.  
 Par Richart e par sa valor;  
 Ki eu avait sa seror,  
 Par son conseil et par s'amur,  
 Fu de France, Huon Seigneur."

Following the traditions of the family, he had proved false to his marriage vow. Gentle Emma, the Capet's sister, his wife in little more than name, had died childless a few years after her bridal, and Richard easily consoled himself with the smiles of Guenora, his favorite, whom he subsequently married. By her and by others he left a numerous progeny, the founders of many of the noblest houses of Normandy; and his great-grandson, the victor of Hastings, whose cognomen of the Manzer, or Bastard, was as truly bestowed as his more glorious after-title of the Conqueror, was not on that account less the legitimate heir to the throne than two thirds of his ducal ancestors. In 996 Richard died, full of years and of honors, stigmatized to the last, however, by the Frankish historian, as "Piratarum Dux."

Here our author concludes his second volume. We trust shortly to meet him in the promised continuation, which is to carry the history down to the reign of Edward the Third. The period indicated is one of the highest moment, presenting, besides the most stirring historical incidents, large questions of polity, the solution of which has exercised a powerful influence on the existing condition of the civilized world. During the convulsive throes of the tenth century, society was born again, and the first faint struggles of the nascent modern civilization present a study of the deepest interest. The dawn of the new literature, the first appearance of the Tiers État as a political force, the gigantic advance in the power of Rome over the rights of both the civil magistracy and the religious hierarchy, the consolidation of feudalism into a complete and overmastering system, the rise of the institutions of chivalry, the gradual evolution of the various constitutions of the European governments, so similar in their sources, so different in their issues, the formation of trading communities or guilds, the development of the arts as typi-



fied in the wonders of Christian architecture, — all these, and many other points of scarcely less importance, we look to see elucidated with the profound research and trained judgment of which Sir Francis has already given us such convincing proofs.

According to popular belief, the main object of a review is to show that the critic is a much cleverer man than his author. In pursuance of the duty which we thus owe to our brethren of the craft, we therefore proceed to notice a few trifling errors which have attracted our attention in the perusal of these volumes.

Pepin the Second, king of Aquitaine, is spoken of (Vol. I. p. 358) as “king, pretender, monk, and pirate, married (as is supposed) to the sister of Robert-le-Fort.” Such a marriage is too improbable to have deserved any sanction from the historian. The father of Pepin the Second, Pepin the First, in 822, by command of Louis le Débonnaire, married Ingeltruda, daughter of Theodebert, “Comes Matricensis” (see Eginhard, *Annal.*, an. 822). Now, in the Carlovingian theory of Capetian genealogy, this Theodebert was the father of Robert le Fort, and thus the wild supposition alluded to has been suggested by some strenuous believer in the unity of the second and third dynasties.

In discussing the various theories of the origin of the Capets, we find it stated (Vol. I. p. 407) with regard to Witikind, the supposed father of Robert le Fort, that “Conradus Urspergensis, Abbot of Lichtenau, proves that Witikind was no other than the great and heroic chieftain of the Saxon race.” Now Conrad was a compiler of chronicles in the first half of the thirteenth century, and the opinion thus attributed to him is full three centuries younger. Conrad, copying Richerius, a writer of the tenth century, merely speaks of Robert’s father as “Vuitikinum, ex Germania profugum” (anno 886). His allusion is purely incidental, and he makes no attempt to identify the German fugitive with the Saxon hero, the discovery of the relationship being reserved for the over-learned of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. That Conrad was innocent of any such folly is sufficiently shown by his account of the hero Witikind’s posterity, in his chapter

"De Origine Saxonum," where no mention is made of any such illustrious offshoot. The interminable controversies which have arisen upon these points have invested them with an adventitious importance not a little ludicrous.

In speaking of the death of the usurper Robert, at the battle of Soissons, in 923, it is stated (Vol. II. pp. 40, 41): "The assailants thronged round the dying King; seven spears transfixed him; one, whose trenchant iron clove through tongue, palate, and brain, was claimed by the Carolingians as the weapon of King Charles. The legitimate monarch enjoyed the renown of giving the traitor the finishing blow." Had Charles the Simple put forth any such claim, it would have been recorded by the contemporary chroniclers. The authority for the assertion is Ekkehardus of Urangen, a German compiler of the twelfth century. Richerius, a much nearer authority, whose account of the battle Sir Francis has followed in most of the details, says positively (Lib. I. Cap. 45) that Charles, at the earnest request of the chiefs and bishops, took no part in the battle, but watched its progress from a neighboring eminence, — "*montem loco oppositum conscendit . . . . eventum belli inde expecturus.*" Our author, however, copies both Richerius and Ekkehardus in his statement of the number slain in the battle, each side losing more than half of those engaged. As the battle was a drawn one, no pursuit taking place, this immense slaughter is evidently fabulous. Richerius states that he gives the figures on the authority of Frodoardus, thus stamping his own assertion as an error, since Frodoardus says nothing of the kind.

The proceedings in 947 and 948, by which Louis d'Outremer invoked the assistance of the Pope and of the German princes in his conflict with Hugh, are highly curious, and especially interesting as one of the earliest instances of Papal interference in distant political quarrels. Vol. II. p. 593, our author speaks of the Synod of Verdun as assembling January 13, 948. Now the Synod of Verdun was held November 17, 947, and that of Mouzon, January 13, 948. (Frodoardus, ann. 947, 948; and Richerius, Lib. II. Cap. 65, 66.) In his account of the Council of Engelheim, which soon followed, Sir Francis appears to confound the proceedings against Duke

Hugh with those against Hugh "Parvulus," competitor for the archbishopric of Rheims. "Archbishop Artaldus then recited, with much detail, the acts of violence committed by Duke Hugh, and the vexation and persecution he had suffered from that arch-tyrant," &c. (pp. 599–601.) The speech of Artaldus was directed entirely against the other Hugh,— "Hugonem sibi subrogatum episcopum,"—and the quotations from the holy Fathers, Sixtus, Alexander, Innocent, Zosimus, &c., were launched at the Parvulus and not at the Duke.

The transactions by which Hugh Capet mounted the throne on the death of Louis the Fifth possess the highest interest, elucidated as they are by the recently discovered Chronicle of Richerius. When the informal assembly of nobles at Compiègne separated to meet again for the purpose of electing a king, Archbishop Adalbero proposed that they should bind themselves by oath to Hugh not to electioneer in the interval,— "vos nihil quæsituros, nihil molituros." Sir Francis phrases it, that they should "abstain from any proceedings in the nature of an election" (Vol. II. p. 870), which conveys an entirely different idea; and immediately afterwards he says: "Nor . . . . could it be considered as very unfair that the oath of obedience should be given to Adalbero and to Hugh Capet." Hugh alone was the recipient of the oath. Adalbero's proposition was, "Placeat vos *mecum* magno duci sacramento obligari," and the chronicler proceeds: "Sacramento itaque duci alligantur." (Richerius, Lib. IV. Cap. 8.) The point is interesting, as showing the unquestioned pre-eminence of Hugh, his civil predominance being such as not to require the conjunction of the primate's ecclesiastical authority in becoming the depositary of the dormant regal power.

Vast is the influence of that indefinite entity which, for want of a better name, we call *style*. In Paris those *abstrac-teurs de quintessence*, the *hommes de style*, are a power in the state, to be bribed or bullied, cajoled or threatened, according to the strength or weakness of the powers that be. The charming trifles of Addison, embalmed, like flies in amber, in the graceful ease of his transparent sentences, bid fair to live as long as the language. The compilations of Hume and Robertson, prejudiced, destitute of research, and utterly value-

less as histories, preserve their place as English classics because they are easy to read and levy no tax upon the comprehension of the reader. The want of these characteristics condemns many a valuable book to obscurity; and though such will not be the fate of the volumes under consideration, still they will have a circulation very far beneath their merits, and their influence will be exerted upon the popular mind chiefly by fashioning the thoughts of those who do the thinking for others. It is not that Sir Francis is dull, or heavy, or unintelligible; it is that he is fond of the bizarre and unexpected, and is perpetually startling the reader with abrupt contrasts of light and shade. It is hard for him to settle down into the sober jog-trot of continuous narrative, and he is constantly relieving the monotony by caracoling in a style as original as it is unlooked for. These eccentricities of manner are unfortunate, as with the common run of mankind they are apt to be taken for charlatanry, and to be considered rather as shams to disguise poverty, than as marking the exuberant wealth of a powerful and richly stored intellect. There is nothing dull about Sir Francis, and as soon as one has become used to his caprices of manner, his picturesque and effective details, his dramatic touches, and even his colloquial and undignified forms of speech prevent the reader's interest from flagging. The attention thus kept alive is constantly rewarded by piercing views, which illuminate old questions and present them in new and suggestive forms; by novel and accurate estimates of the actors and actions discussed; by scenes painted with a spirit and vigor which present them distinctly before the eye; by touches of healthy human sentiment which bring down the personages of the story from their high historic pedestal, and place them before us as living, breathing, rejoicing, and suffering men and women; and by glimpses into the internal life and polity of those distant ages, deeper and truer than any writer in the language has yet afforded. As an example of Sir Francis in his quaint moods, we quote the following effective and eccentric picture of the irruption of barbarians which shattered the Carlovingian Empire. His third chapter opens thus:—

"Internal enemies and external enemies, enemies known, enemies unknown, enemies provoked, enemies unprovoked, enemies from the East, enemies from the West, enemies from the South, enemies from the North, from the seas, the rivers, and the hills. — Our sailors box the compass, improving Charlemagne's lessons. Charlemagne began to give the compound names by which the rhombs of the mariner's card are known; and from every circling point of the horizon the wind wafted an enemy. Christians and half-Christians, Mahometans and idolaters, diverse races, and diverse tongues, — worshippers of Thor and Odin, Promo, Chrodo, Jutebog, Zernebog, Belbog, Zutebor, and lion-visaged Radegast, Swantowit with four heads, triple-headed Triglaw, and genial Siewa, the many-breasted teeming Siewa with the bunch of grapes in her hand, — Gascon, Vascon or Escaldunac, Celt or Breyzad, Jute, Norsk and Dansker; Ishmaelite, Moor, Saracen; Sorb, Wend and Obotrite; Lech, Zech and Magyar, — all conjoined with the infatuated Carlovingian Princes and their more infatuated subjects in effecting the Empire's destruction.

"Alas! for Charlemagne's victories, Charlemagne's conquests, Charlemagne's wisdom, cultivation and knowledge — all come to naught, turned to confusion. Aquitania, a festering ulcer, rebellious, and tempting the offspring of the throne to disobedience and rebellion, Armorica, no longer merely an insurgent province, but a kingdom striving for independence and liberty, the Slavonians breaking up the borders of the Empire. Worse than all, the extinction of natural affection, truth, faith, honesty and loyalty; the hand of each brother, not figuratively but literally lifted against each other, every father distrustful, every son disobedient. Certain obscure ejaculatory English-Saxon verses are extant, describing a country in utter misery, which, partially divested of their archaic orthography, run as follows: — '*Land-king wilful, dooms-man nimmand, rich-man niggard, poor-man proud, gaveloc broken, child unbuxom, churl unthewed, fool reckless, old-man loveless, woman shameless, land lawless, better be lifeless.*' — These rapid lines, of which there are many more, sounding as having been transmitted from remote antiquity, truly characterize the wretchedness of the Empire — the whole one vast Luegen-feld, flooded by falsehood, without comfort, without rest."

We cannot repress a remonstrance at the language in which it sometimes pleases Sir Francis to disguise his thoughts. If he had been "at a feast of tongues and had brought away the scraps," he could hardly set before us a more complete *olla podrida*. Archaisms and neologisms, clas-

sicisms and vulgarisms, Gallicisms, Germanicisms, and Italicisms, bristle through his pages as the whim of the moment directs. We might pardon "ebenbürtigkeit," though the English paraphrase would be preferable; but "pentimento," "conventional gergo," "Luegen-felders," "Luegen-feldland," "prevented" used in place of "anticipated," and "reticences" as a plural, are inadmissible. Such Johnsonisms as "consiliency," "dispathies," "protoplast," "brumal," and "ambages," present a striking contrast to "lick-spittle," "clemmed," "hoiking," and "fletchers"; while "dependable," "pilgrimized," and "bucketted," display a greater power in inventing new combinations, than command over such as already existed.

But these are spots on the sun, and we fear that we have hardly done justice to the very favorable opinion which we have formed of these volumes. Only those who have struggled wearily through the jejune and scanty chronicles of the ninth and tenth centuries, so deficient in all that we particularly want to know, can estimate the powers requisite to weave their confused and reluctant facts into a flowing and continuous narrative, and to clothe their skeleton characters in the flesh and blood of living men. This task no man in England could have accomplished as Sir Francis Palgrave has done it; for he is not only an archæologist of singular and accurate profundity, but he also possesses that breadth and strength of thought which looks on archæological research as a means, not as an end, and the laborious acquisitions which others fondly consider as a result, he regards as merely the material for combination and generalization. We trust that his example may not be lost, and that ere long England may be able to boast of more like him, worthy compeers of that illustrious band who, from Daniel to Henri Martin, have made French historical literature the first in the civilized world.